

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

The man who has most to say of the dangers of money getting generally has least of it.

Some people are like a locomotive when the wheels slip. They make a lot of noise, but they don't go ahead much.

"Kouroupaikined" may be adopted by the baseball reporters as a word signifying that one has been caught off his base.

"Inquirer" asks why the word "goo" is not in the latest dictionary. It will be found in the next one, at all events. It has appeared in print.

The Czar, owing to the birth of his son, will remit \$68,500,000 taxes. He ought hereafter to be able to get the tax-dodger vote without much trouble.

The new hats, according to the milliners, will be in "stunning effects." The stunning effects will probably be felt by the husbands on the first of the month.

An Illinois girl who desires to become a great pianist has taken an instrument into the woods and will do her practicing there. Isn't she entitled to a Carnegie medal?

In New York it was decided that a man was insane because he was found eating grass in Central Park. Will the vegetarians stand by and quietly permit such outrages to go on?

The Cincinnati judge who has decided that a wife has no right to search her husband's pockets may have laid down the law, but he hasn't effected any change in a time honored custom.

Canada objects because the old wooden corvette Essex has been sent to the great lakes for the use of the naval militia. Will they never get over their fear of Uncle Sam's warships?

The English sparrow, according to recent investigations in England, came originally from Russia. Judging from its fighting ability we should rather incline to the theory that it originated in Japan.

Considering the general reprobation of lynching just after a lynching, one might be justified in believing that there never would be another lynching. But anyone who should prophesy to that effect would soon lose his reputation for prescience.

When Johnny was a child they laughed at the ridiculous things he said. When he was a youth they laughed at his half-baked opinions. When he was a man they laughed at his wisdom because they couldn't grasp it. When he was old they laughed at him for a crank. There is always someone to laugh, and this is a jolly world.

If your criminologist had his way the paths of honest industry would hardly be worth following. The scoundrel who has attacked a defenseless woman or beaten innocent victims to rob them is often the cause of more solicitude when he gets out of jail and the object of more effort to give him good clothes and employment than is ever vouchsafed for the honest fellow who has done well.

When a volume of the sermons and essays of an American clergyman was presented to the Alake of Abeokuta in London recently, the Alake expressed his thanks, and said that such a book, advocating love to God and love to man, expressed what he himself recognized as being the foundation of all true religions. Abeokuta is the capital of the kingdom of Egba in Upper Guinea. It is evident that the civilizing effect of American ideas on religion, as well as on government, is manifesting itself in the distant parts of the earth.

War gives currency to many romantic stories, but few of them are more interesting or seem to be so well authenticated as that concerning the parentage of the Japanese general Kuroki. A man claiming to be his nephew, now studying in Germany, has written a letter to the Berlin Tageblatt, correcting a Paris report that General Kuroki's father was a Frenchman. The father, says the nephew, was a Pole, and moreover, a Pole who fled from Russia after the revolution of 1831, married a Japanese wife, and on his death-bed charged his son to avenge the wrongs of Poland. The story, if true, is one of the most interesting in modern history.

Some mothers pride themselves on the picture of their children sitting mutely in a corner, holding hands, when guests are present, as they do upon the spick-and-span condition of their china closet, and by general consent this has come to be looked upon as something greatly to be desired. But such discipline, while it is impressive, really bottles up a great deal of the native energy and intelligence of the child. Children that are permitted to discuss questions within the bounds of reason with their elders invariably manifest a spirit of self-reliance and composure as they advance in age, which is very much more important to them than the ability to sit back and say nothing.

A bank president stole \$54,000 of his depositors' money. The judge in pass-

ing sentence upon this man gave him eighteen months in the penitentiary. In the same penitentiary to which this bank president is committed a man is serving six years for stealing a chicken. In giving an account of the rich prisoner's demeanor the press reports say he "took his sentence very calmly." No doubt of it. And so did the judge who sentenced him take the sentence calmly—too calmly to suit the sense of justice of decent people. It is said that socialism is on the increase in this country. There is no doubt of it. And the reasons are plain. One reason may easily be discovered in the modern instance just recited. The socialist can hold up this deadly parallel and say, "That is justice as it is exemplified under your present system of society? How do you like it?" The man in charge of a bank who loots it is ten times meaner than the ordinary robber. The banker robs those who trust him. He is about the only man in the community who is permitted to handle funds without a bond. When he proves recreant to his trust he strikes a body blow at confidence. He should receive the maximum punishment and that maximum should be imprisonment for life. The people are slowly formulating this belief: If you steal a little you will get the limit. If you steal enough you will be let off easy. That is a dangerous belief, but not so dangerous as the facts that go to make up the belief.

Dr. William Frye, of Kansas City, is not the first man who has lost his savings, nor will he be the last. He decided that banks were not safe, and did what countless unwise persons have done—hid his hoard in his home. That meant that his home was no longer a safe place to live in. The average housebreaker is not going to take chances for the sake of plated forks and spoons, or for valuables that are too heavy to move, but the hoard that is kept behind a picture, or under the edge of the carpet, or in a feather bed, or a dozen other places made common by constant use as hiding places for money, is quite certain to be visited by deft and thieving fingers sooner or later. This man who was afraid of banks gathered together \$6,520—the savings of a lifetime—tied it up in a bag, hid it in his house. Now he is practically penniless, and housebreakers have the money. His case is a warning. The whole business of life is a matter of trust. The very food you eat might easily be tampered with, but you buy and consume a thousand articles because you have faith in their manufacturers and those who retail them. If you travel you trust the engineer and the conductor, and back of them their superiors. In order to live you are compelled to have confidence in the rectitude of humanity. The stocking bank and the hole in the floor are not safe institutions. The average banking concern is as nearly honest as it is possible for a corporation run by human beings to be. At the worst, Mr. Frye would have secured a dividend of some kind from a bank receiver. The probabilities are that his dollars would have been as secure in the coffers of a bank as if invested in real estate. If you have money planted about your home, there isn't a doubt that you are miserable. It is a care that is on your mind night and day. Take it to the best institution that you know, and if you know of none, you can easily ask somebody who does know, and start a bank account. Then you will sleep easier.

HEAD OF THE RED CROSS.

Humanitarian Record of Rear Admiral William K. Van Reypen.

Rear Admiral William Knickerbocker Van Reypen, recently chosen as president of the American National Red Cross Society, succeeding Clara Barton, who had held the position since the society's organization in 1881, has long been identified with the work of mercy in time of war. He was the American delegate to the International Red

ADM. VAN REYPEN. Cross conference in St. Petersburg two years ago.

Admiral Van Reypen served in the United States navy for forty years in various official grades. He was surgeon general from 1897 to the time of his retirement in 1902. Among his achievements in the name of humanity is the ambulance ship Solace, which he designed, fitted out, and brought to a high state of perfection. It was the first experiment of the kind ever attempted, and it set a standard that has since been approved by the navies of the world.

Unpardonable Presumption.

You know those people that live in that two-story house across the way—the Gumpersons, or some such name?

"Yes, I know them when I see them."

"I have a passing acquaintance with them—speak to them when I meet them on the street. Well, one of the girls stopped me while I was out walking the other morning. She said: 'Miss Highfly, your house wasn't broken into last night and robbed, was it?' I said: 'No. Why?' And she said: 'I'm glad to hear it. I dreamed last night that somebody had got into your house through the kitchen window and stolen ever so many valuable things.'"

"Think of the presumption of it! Dreaming about us! And they aren't in our set at all!"

A bargain-hunting woman draws the line at a cheap-looking husband.

RESCUING CHINESE SLAVES.

Slavery in the United States still exists in a most loathsome form in San Francisco, says Everybody's Magazine. The reference is to the servitude of Chinese women in the notorious "Chinatown" of that city. For many years a determined war has been waged upon it by the Presbyterian Chinese Mission of the city, but although much diminished it still persists.

Much of the work during the last ten years has been done under the personal direction of Miss Donaldine Cameron, a young woman of Scottish descent, who attributes her success in "rescuing" Chinese dens to an inheritance of her "Hieland" forefathers' aptitude for cattle-raiding. Time and again she has taken her life in her hands and plunged boldly into the dens in search of some slave girl who had sent word that she wished to be free—for slavery can be prevented only by consent of the slave. Rescue is impossible so long as the slave is in voluntary servitude.

Two years ago, with a sergeant of police, Miss Cameron raided a den in San Luis Alley, a narrow thoroughfare in the worst depths of Chinatown. They eluded the watchman and made for the door of the marked house. The sergeant, putting his shoulder against it, broke it in.

The screaming and chattering of Chinese women, which had begun with the attack, sounded farther and farther away. The raiders found the lights burning, a tea-urn singing in the corner, a guitar with its strings still quivering, but there was no one in sight, and there was no visible exit from the room.

Experienced in these things, they knew there was a secret passage somewhere, leading to the endless mazes of underground Chinatown. They went over the wall foot by foot, pressing and tapping. At last, under a couch, Miss Cameron found a spot which sounded hollow. The sergeant had stepped outside, but Miss Cameron, too excited to think of the consequences, pressed with all her might, and a panel dropped away. Below was darkness.

Miss Cameron rolled boldly through and fell six feet. The sergeant, hearing her call, ran to the hole and held a lighted candle. There was a passage, stretching farther away than they could see, and so narrow that to thread it one must stoop and present his shoulders sideways. Following it to a widening, they found a Chinese bag lying face downward. Without ceremony the sergeant rolled her over. She was the mistress of the house. Under her was a trap-door, pad-locked.

Miss Cameron snatched the keys from the woman's belt, unlocked this door, and dropped again into foul-smelling blackness. They found another passage, narrower than the first. It sloped downward for a story, till they were deep underground, turned two or three times, ascended by two flights of stairs as steep as ladders, and ended in a deserted room with a door in the farther corner.

Again the sergeant's shoulder forced a way, and they fell out into the fresh air. They were on the alley, only six feet from the door by which they had entered the building. A casual watcher told them that two minutes after they had entered six Chinese women and two men had come out through the last door, ran across the street and disappeared. The girl they sought has not yet been rescued.

Many attempts have been made to kill Miss Cameron, but she has escaped unharmed. Her rescues of slaves have made the business so precarious that three thousand dollars is now the price for a 14-year-old girl and two thousand for a baby.

TRADE WITH PORTO RICO.

It Is Five Times as Great as Before the War with Spain.

Although many merchants of the Atlantic seaboard cities complain that trade with the island of Porto Rico is not as great as it should be under the changed condition of affairs since the Spanish-American war, its volume is not a thing to be despised. During the calendar year 1908 it amounted, in round terms, to \$22,000,000. In 1897, the year prior to annexation, it amounted to \$4,162,912, the total for the year 1908 having been thus more than five times as great as in 1897, according to a report of the Department of Commerce and Labor, through its bureau of statistics. The report gives the details of the movements, by principal articles, in both directions, both of domestic and foreign products. It also shows the commerce of Porto Rico with other countries amounted to over \$6,000,000, thus making the total trade of the island more than \$28,000,000 in the year 1908.

Of the total of \$22,000,000 between Porto Rico and the United States, \$11,424,313 was domestic products of the United States shipped to Porto Rico, \$9,936,782 domestic products of Porto Rico shipped to the United States, \$395,582 foreign products shipped from the United States to Porto Rico, and \$108,141 foreign products shipped from Porto Rico to the United States. This was a slight increase, about \$15,000 in the trade of 1903 compared with 1902. To other parts of the world Porto Rico in 1908 sent domestic products to the value of \$4,267,910 and foreign products to the value of \$127,932, while from other parts of the world Porto Rico imported \$2,119,523 worth of merchandise.

Of the shipments from the United States to Porto Rico the more important items were: Breadstuffs, \$1,199,062, of which the total value of flour was \$1,071,265; cotton manufactures,

\$1,950,808; manufactures of iron and steel, \$1,156,273, and provisions, \$1,403,634.

Of the articles shipped from Porto Rico to the United States brown sugar amounted to \$6,813,854; cigars, \$1,441,193; leaf tobacco, \$255,814; oranges, \$314,094, and coffee, \$610,982. Porto Rican coffee is evidently growing in favor in the United States, the total quantity shipped in 1908 being 5,481,631 pounds, against 1,906,106 pounds in 1902. Porto Rican tobacco is also apparently enjoying increased popularity, the total quantity of leaf tobacco shipped to the United States in 1903 being 1,268,060 pounds, against 417,478 pounds in 1902.

THE CORN KING.

Started with Nothing and Now Owns 23,000 Acres of Land.

There are cotton kings, iron kings and industrial kings of all sorts, but the real corn king is Davin Rankin, of Tarkio, Mo. Rankin was born in Scotland in 1825 and came to America with his parents when a small boy.



DAVID RANKIN.

His family settled in Illinois and began the long struggle associated with the life of the pioneer farmer. He was still but a lad when he saw tacked to the door of their humble home the constable's notice of ejectment, but he and his brother pleaded so earnestly for another trial that the notice was pulled down and the boys set to work with might and main to save the little farm. This they finally succeeded in doing. Then they decided to start in business for themselves. By hiring out by the day they managed to save enough to purchase a yoke of oxen, and with this rude team they got plenty of work in clearing land for neighboring farmers. They saved their money and eventually David purchased a few acres of land in the Mississippi bottoms. Gradually his possessions increased, and when the war broke out he had become recognized as a man of means. Ultimately he purchased immense tracts in the Missouri valley, near where Tarkio is now situated.

To-day he is the owner of 23,000 acres of the finest Missouri soil. He raises on an average of 500,000 bushels of corn, purchases as much more from his neighbors and feeds every ear of it to his stock, of which he fattens thousands of heads for the Chicago packers.

A UNIQUE MANUSCRIPT.

Lectionary of Readings from the Old and New Testaments.

Our search for manuscripts in the Coptic convents of Egypt was not rewarded by any brilliant success. But several years earlier I succeeded in obtaining from a private source a manuscript to which I desire to draw the attention of the American traveling public.

It is a lectionary of readings from the Old Testament and from St. Paul's epistles, written in Palestinian Syriac; that is, in the dialect of Aramaic, which was spoken in Galilee during our Lord's earthly life, and for two centuries afterward, the tongue which "bewrayed" St. Peter. It bears the same relation to the Edessan or literary Syriac as the Doric of ancient Greece did to the Attic, or as English does to Scotch. This manuscript is absolutely unique of its kind, because, although three other copies of a lectionary in the same dialect exist, one in the Vatican library, and two at Mount Sinai, they contain a text of the Gospels, while this one provides us with lessons from the other books of the Bible.

Several leaves have been torn from the book, one from the middle and about eight from the end. The dealer confessed to having sold these pieces, meal to passing travelers. The leaf from the middle has turned up in Germany, having been detected and edited by Dr. Friedrich Schulthess, in the "Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenlandischen Gesellschaft," Vol. LVII, page 263. Its text exactly fits the gap left in the manuscript purchased by me. It is of some importance for the history of Syriac literature that we should know the date, and that will probably be found written on one of the leaves which have been lost from the end.—Century.

His Absent-Mindedness.

Everybody knew how absent-minded was Senator Lamar of Mississippi. He habitually was forgetful of everything and everybody except his friends. For years he suffered untold afflictions because of constantly mislaying his eye-glasses and suspenders.

While an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court he one day beamingly confided to a friend that all of those troubles were over; that his eye-glasses and suspenders never more would trouble him.

"How did you manage it?" inquired his friend.

"Oh, I had a pair of eye-glasses sewed to every one of my vests, and a pair of suspenders to every pair of trousers."

Wall Street Conversions.

"Down in the tenement districts," said the enthusiastic evangelist, "we are meeting with wonderful success. But, perhaps, you are not interested in conversions."

"Oh, yes," replied the trust promoter with affected interest.

"Do you think Wall street would ever afford a good field for conversions?"

"Why, it does now. We're converting water into negotiable securities every day or so."—Philadelphia Press



LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

That Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers.

The Remorseful Cakes.

A little boy named Thomas ate Hot buckwheat cakes for tea—A very rash proceeding, as We presently shall see.

He went to bed at eight o'clock, As all good children do, But scarce had closed his little eyes, When he most restlessly grew.

He flopped on this side, then on that, Then keeled upon his head, And covered all at once each spot Of his wee trundle-bed.

He wrapped one leg around his waist, And tither round his ear, While mamma wondered what on earth Could ail her little dear.

But sound he slept, and as he slept He dreamt an awful dream Of being spanked with hickory slabs Without the power to scream.

He dreamt a great big lion came, And ripped and raved and roared, While on his breast two furious bulls In mortal combat gored.

He dreamt he heard the flop of wings Within the chimney-flue, And down there crawled, to gnaw his ears, An awful bugaboo!

When Thomas rose next morn, his face Was pallid as a sheet; "I never more," he firmly said, "Will cakes for supper eat!"—Eugene Field.



Jolly Evening Games.

A number of jolly evening games can be played with ordinary pins, one 5-cent paper of which will supply the foundation for an evening's entertainment.

A Paper-Spearing Contest—Tear or cut clean scrap paper into inch squares and pile them on a pasteboard box lid. There should be several handfuls, enough to make a good-sized heap.

Place the box lid in the center of the table at which the game is to be played and give each player a pin. The fun consists in seeing who in the fifteen minutes allotted to the game can spear the most pieces with his pin.

By the rules of the game only one piece of paper may be taken on the pin at one time. If two are captured by mistake, both must be returned to the pile.

A small prize may be given to the boy or girl having the most squares when the game is at an end.

Pins and Marbles—Each boy or girl receives three pins, which are stuck upright in the carpet. Marbles are then used to bowl over the pins. Naturally, there must be a prearranged place for the pins to be stuck and for the bowler to stand, in order that everybody shall have an equal chance. If more than one boy or girl should succeed in downing all three pins in the three bowls allowed by the rules, the successful players can have "rubber" games together until one or the other becomes champion.

True Education of Boys.

A philosopher has said that true education of boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

First—To be true and to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read and be true and genuine in action rather than to be learned in all sciences and in all languages and be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, power or possessions.

Second—To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and body.

Third—To be unselfish, to care for the feelings and comforts of others, to be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

Fourth—To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from childhood, to be in-

dustrious always and self-supporting at the earliest possible age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable; that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these things, when he has made these ideas part of him, however poor or however rich, he has learned the most important things he ought to know.

Elmer Was Willing.

Little Elmer had a habit of leaving the crust of his pie, and one day his mother said: "Elmer, you should not waste your pie crust. There are hundreds of poor little boys who would be glad to get it."

"All right, mamma; let them have it," replied the charitable youngster.

From the Dead Letter Office.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed little Margie, who had met the postman at the door, "here's a letter from the dead letter office!"

"How do you know, dear?" asked her mother.

"'Cause it's got a black border on it," replied the small observer.

Johnny Had a Way.

"Elsie," said small Johnny to his little sister, who was running the scale, "if you'll give me half your candy I'll fix the piano so you won't have to practice any for two weeks."

A Popular Abbreviation.

"What is 'don't' the abbreviation of?" asked the teacher.

"Doughnut," promptly replied the small boy at the foot of the class.

Clerical Bill of Fare.

"We had the minister for dinner last Sunday," said little Harry.

"Hub, that's nothing," rejoined small Fred. "We had a turkey."

SOME POINTS ON HUMIDITY.

Weather Expert Explains How Moisture Affects the Temperature.

While it has been the aim of the officials of the weather bureau to get the best possible instruments for registering the temperature and making the predictions of "weather present and to come," it is said no thermometer is perfect, and that no two thermometers register exactly alike.

This is the reason given by weather bureau officials for the difference in temperature noted at the weather bureau and that registered by thermometers in the possession of private citizens.

According to Professor Garriott neither the weather bureau nor its official thermometer is, as many suppose, any material height above the city. The thermometer, according to Professor Garriott, is probably forty feet higher than those on the city streets, but this, it is said, is not great enough to affect the mercury to any noticeable degree.

Professor Garriott says that the question of "humidity" is one which frequently agitates the mind of people during the summer, but that it is so technical in its nature that hardly one person in ten understands what it all means when an authority dissertates on the subject.

For this reason little is given out officially at the weather bureau. It is disposed to confine itself to the mere statement of temperature.

After a rain in summer time, when every one is declaiming about the stickiness of the atmosphere, it is because the air retains all the moisture it has absorbed and there is no means of cooling the atmosphere. On the contrary, when it is dry the heat may be greater, but the moisture is evaporated, and in that process the air is really cooled. It is on the same principle, Professor Garriott said, as the cooling air of the morning, when the dew from the grass evaporates and materially cools the air.

It is not, therefore, the purpose of the weather bureau to attempt to make plain to the general public the question of humidity. Professor Garriott says it is a thing which must be studied thoroughly in order to be understood.—Washington Star.

India's Great Cities.

Bombay is the second city in population in India, Calcutta standing first on the list with 1,350,000 people, and, if you will take your map for a moment, you will see that the two cities lie in almost the same latitude, one on each side of the peninsula called India—Bombay at the top of the Arabian Sea and Calcutta at the top of the Bay of Bengal. By the census of 1891, Bombay had 821,764 population. By the census of 1901, the total was 776,006, the decrease of 45,758 being attributed to the mortality by the plague in 1900 and 1901. It is the most enterprising, the most modern, the most active, the richest and the most prosperous city in India. More than 90 per cent of travelers who enter and leave the country pass over the docks, and more than half the foreign commerce of the country goes through its custom house.

The reason a widower forgets sooner than a widow is that the latter has to wait till a man hunts her up, and tells her it is time wasted to remember.

It sometimes happens that a woman never forgives a man for letting her marry him.

THE DRUM MAJOR

"No," said the shoemaker, "brass bands are not what they used to be." A customer had stopped in the shop to get his shoes repaired. The shoemaker's remark was caused by the passing of a band heading a political procession.

"The music is just as fine as ever," said the shoemaker, "but the musicians don't seem to have any great style about them. Look at that drum major! Isn't he the worst you ever saw?"

"Why is it," asked the customer, humoring the shoemaker, "that you don't see any good drum majors these days?"

"Well, I will tell you," he answered. "When a drum major gets to be good, wearing his beautiful uniform and twirling his baton, he is a grand sight. Then he is so bothered and followed by the girls that sooner or later he gets married. Then his wife will not allow him to stay in the band, for she knows how irrevocable he is.

"I was a drum major once and I could swing a baton as well as any man in the State. Our band went to the inauguration of McKinley as Governor of Ohio. We were the last in line and no attention was paid to us, except that all the women waved their handkerchiefs at me, until we came in front of the place where the governor was. Then I threw my baton into the air fifty feet, turned to the governor, bowed, lifted my cap and slowly placed it back upon my head, took a step and caught the wand as it descended. The whole street rang with cheers. That was the happiest moment of my life."

"You quit the profession for the usual reason, I suppose," said the customer.

"Oh, no. I am the boss in my house. My pride made me quit."

"How was that?"

"One day I was sitting in my shop when I heard the music of a band. I went to the door, as I always do, to see what kind of a drum major they had. Well, this day it was a minstrel band. The musicians were all dressed in linen dusters and wore plug hats. The drum major was a foreign-looking fellow and wore a close-fitting jacket with fur on the edges, blue tights and blue shoes with white fur on the tops. He wore a visorless cap.

"Before they came to me Chris Lauterback, one of my neighbors, went out and spoke to one of the minstrels, who looked over at me. The minstrel went to the drum major and he also looked over toward me and smiled.

"When he got directly in front of me he stopped and began doing tricks with his wand. First he placed it on the back of his hand and let it roll to his shoulder and then it fell almost to the ground. He put out his foot and balanced it on his toe. He did every trick you could think of and finally threw the wand as high as the hotel across the street, turned a somersault in the air, lifted his hat to me and then caught the wand with the back of his leg by the knee joint.

"I went and sold my outfit to the second-hand dealer and quit. Later I found out that the fellow was a juggler in the show."—Chicago Daily News.

HOW PARLIAMENT VOTES.

The way in which the British Parliament conducts itself is ever a wonder and a joy to the Americans, says the New York Sun in a humorous account of the proceedings. The transatlantic visitor gets into the gallery somehow while the session is on, and wants to know why the King is not there; why the Speaker wears a wig and why the members wear their hats; why—

"S-s-s-h-h!" says an attendant. "Quiet. There's going to be a division."

A sturdy figure begins to speak. He leaves no doubt in anybody's mind that he lacks faith in the existing government. He thinks it should be poleaxed. Failing to find a precedent for massaging the prime minister off-hand, he moves that a matter of a few hundred pounds be knocked off some appropriation or other. Or maybe he wants something else. His reason for torturing the government does not matter at all. When he is through a big Scotchman leans forward and seconds his motion.

Then another member climbs out of his recumbent position. He is bored at being disturbed. Words fail him to express his utter indifference to what the previous speakers think about anything, especially the government. Both gentlemen are useless encumbrances of the earth. He asks and expects the decent and clean-minded part of the House to stand by him.

"Now's the division," says the attendant to the American in the gallery. "It's fun."

The Speaker raps with his gavel and calls the perfunctory. "Order! Order!"

As nobody is out of order, he puts the question to the ayes and noes.

"Division!" yells everybody at once. The clerk seizes an old-fashioned hour-glass and turns it.

Then many things happen. Bells ring. They ring everywhere. They rouse up sleeping members and disturb conversations. They wake up a policeman. He has been sound asleep, but in the tenth of a second after the shout of "Division!" comes rattling through the corridors he is on his feet, bawling out the word.

"Division!" roars a basso-profundo in some distant niche, and the call passes on. Bells ring. Tall gentlemen and fat gentlemen in frocks and short coats are dashing madly about. The astonished and unenlightened lookers-on asks, "Where's the fire?"

The gentlemen bolt into the House. They run and jump and lose their hats and tempers, and the swinging doors clash backward and forward. They have been attending to business affairs, or dawdling over lunch, or quarrelling over billiards; but now the bells and the cries mean that the fate of the universe is in the balance, and quick action is necessary.

In exactly three minutes the Speaker calls once more, "Order! Order!" and the doors shut with a suddenness which collides unpleasantly with belated members.

The Speaker begins to order the division, but is interrupted by a very young member who rises to a point of order.

"Hat!" thunders a good half of the House, and the young member recalls the rule which forbids a point of order being made standing or uncovered, and blushing puts on his hat. But he sticks to his point. He wants to know what it is all about, and the Speaker tells him.

The supporters of the government file out of one door and the Liberal benches empty into another. As the members trickle through they are told off by the tellers. The members return to their seats.

The very air is intense with apprehension. Then one of the clerks receives a slip of paper and shouts out figures, and there is a roar from one side of the House. The doors open and the members begin hurrying out.

Some of them are still befogged. "Look here, Williamson," says one to a friend who is whirling past. "What was it all about?"

"I don't know," replies Williamson. "Don't know at all."

They reach the yard and get back to their occupations, disheveled and uncertain.

The American visitor has seen how Parliament votes.

The Bankrupt Queen.

The fisherfolk of Newfoundland are a delightful and sturdy set. A writer in *Outing* says that they are as simple as children, and as guileless. Many of them have never seen a horse or a cow, and the railroad and trolley-car are beyond their comprehension.

Here is a story which shows without exaggeration their theory of the outer world.

"Why haven't we got our wharf money yet?" demanded a grizzled codman of the inspector in a fishing hamlet, three years ago, when the annual grant for the repair of the public wharf was in some manner delayed.

"I don't know," said the official. Then he added, in joke, "I suppose the queen hasn't sent it out."

"Oh, well," commented the gray-beard, seriously, "we can't be too hard about it. Maybe she's had a bad fishery herself."

A Mistake.

"Mrs. Plumm holds her own well, doesn't she?"

"But it isn't. That's her sister's child."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A birthday party is a great success if the presents amount in value to as much as the refreshments cost.

Toilers of the Columbia

An intensely interesting

PACIFIC COAST STORY

By a Pacific Coast Author

Will soon commence in this paper

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

THE FINANCIERS.

The Linnet Club of ladies had been listening to a lecture in which economics and sociology were subtly blended. "It was very able," young Mrs. Tenney said, judicially, "but I don't entirely agree with Mr. Hope in what he said about women's slipshod business ways. I think the average woman is as good a financier as the average man."

"So do I!" said Mrs. Pell, emphatically. "I don't spend half the money Mr. Pell does for shines and newspapers and things."

"She is every bit as discriminating in savings and expenditures as he is," continued Mrs. Tenney, returning to the abstract.

"Besides, she doesn't smoke," supplemented Mrs. Pell, dropping back to the concrete.

"Do you know," Mrs. Stedman began, thoughtfully, "I don't believe I've ever saved a penny in my life."

"Not on anything? Not even bargains?" demanded Mrs. Pell, excitedly.

"No," said Mrs. Stedman, shamefacedly. "I'm out and out extravagant."

"Why don't you start a bank account? It might help you," said Mrs. Tenney, kindly.

"Yes, why don't you?" Mrs. Pell said. "I've had one for years—long before I was married."

"Of course you have one?" Mrs. Stedman asked Mrs. Tenney.

"Oh, yes; it is so much less bother to pay with checks. So much more businesslike, too, you know," Mrs. Tenney replied.

"I've always thought it might be hard to keep straight in one's accounts," said Mrs. Stedman, timidly; "it seemed simple to ask for money, or have things charged. But I'm going to have an account. What is your bank, Mrs. Tenney?"

Mrs. Tenney reflected briefly. "I use the same one that my husband does," she answered, discreetly.

"Has it a name—or anything?" Mrs. Stedman asked. "I'd like to have my money where somebody I know has an account."

"Oh, try my bank!" urged Mrs. Pell. "I've been there for years, as I said. When I was married Mr. Pell spoke of his bank, but I said, 'No; where father kept his money is good enough for me, and I've been going there ever since. It is a perfectly splendid bank, with a special room for women.'"

"What's the name of it?" Mrs. Stedman asked, hopefully.

"The name?" repeated Mrs. Pell. "Oh, that doesn't matter at all. I'll tell you where it is, and when you go there they'll give you a book of blank checks and do all that sort of thing for you. It's right between that hat shop and Dressler's—there couldn't be a better place for a bank, right in the heart of everything."

"I'm sure it must be a good bank," said Mrs. Stedman, warmly. "I simply adore Dressler's cafe mousse. Thank you very much, Mrs. Pell."

Life's Superfluous Things.

An English writer has been devoting his attention to the elimination of unnecessary things, and has succeeded in presenting a tentative list of articles which mankind does not need. Like many other propagandists of a new cult he goes to extremes in certain instances, but, on the whole, makes out a pretty good case. He holds, to begin with, that the resident of a city does not require a watch. He goes so far as to say that an umbrella is not indispensable, and cited Lord Beaconsfield, who never carried an umbrella, as an illustrious example. "When it rained he took refuge under the umbrella of the prettiest woman he could see."

The silk hat is tabooed by this iconoclast. In his inventory of superfluous things we find the flap that covers the keyhole of the front door, which often sadly interferes with the entrance of the belated, and perhaps bibulous, householder. "It is redeemed from absolute futility by its power of occasional annoyance." He inquires as to the use of the tassel on the new umbrella. "Nobody in his senses wants a tassel on an umbrella."

Why are there two buttons, or even one, on the sleeve of a coat? The writer took a census of his buttons and found that sixty of them were unnecessary. He is particularly anxious as to the two buttons behind on a frock coat. Taking a survey of the whole human family, he finds that there are 800,000,000 buttons worn, all of them useless. No one has discovered the necessity for fourteen or sixteen pockets concealed in men's clothes. This is the limit of superfluity.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Hair-Dyeing Injuries.

Some of the insurance companies of Paris refuse to insure people who dye their hair.

The average man will take his medicine bravely, unless there happens to be a woman present to look sympathetically at him.

DOES FARMING PAY.

"Probably more than a third of the persons living in the United States receive their support from the farm. The question is answered."—Country Life in America.

To the farmer more than any other is due the groundwork of the great tide of prosperity which has carried the country to the first position among the nations of the world. Neither the farmer, nor his wife, nor his son, nor his employee, know the meaning of an eight-hour day. The farmer's time to work is just as long as there is work to be done. The work may be drudgery, the man may be awkward, but his sturdy back, his healthy body, his simple life, have given the strength of mind and body to the sons he has sent out into the world to make their way in other paths of life. It is the strenuous metropolitan life which saps the strength and undermines the nerves. The everlasting push, push of active trade, ceaseless competition, struggle for business, greed for dollars, would soon blight and destroy were it not for the constant infusion of the rich, pure blood and sound mind and nerve of the country boy who seeks the business or professional life of our business centers.

There is a phase of rural life, however, which is seldom considered in business. In a measure, the farmer's life is more rural than ever before; his home is changed for the better. There is more of comfort, more of education and refinement than ever, due to the ease of intercourse with the outside world, thanks for it belonging to the railroads, the vast trolley systems, good roads, quick mails and better schools. But the rural districts are devoted to farming. The old country store has disappeared, or is fast disappearing. Many a reader who in boyhood clerked in his village store might find, did he return, the old store still there, unchanged in years; many an article of old stock in the same old place, waiting, waiting for the purchaser that never comes. Country stores are doomed; their day is past. The farmer passes them by on his way to the centers of trade further away, or buys at a distance, using the mail for his messenger and the railroad for his horse. He has learned that he, too, may have almost equal shopping facilities with the city dweller. He can buy without fear, for, whether he sees or not, all sound business today requires the unquestioned permission to return any article which the buyer finds unsatisfactory.

The old methods of barter are gone. The farmer sells his products for cash, and buys where it suits him best. He has learned to farm better, to buy better and to sell better. He has learned that his hay and corn go to market cheaper and more profitably as fat beef and pork than as hay and corn, and sent thus, they leave the valuable manures behind. He has learned to grow fifty bushels of wheat on ground that formerly grew but twenty-five. He has learned that berries grown in Florida may be sold at a profit in New York, that California fruit may be sent at a profit to Europe. He is learning that God never intended the water of his springs to run to the ocean unchecked, or to send the rain only when it was needed. He is also learning that the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb only through his intervention.

In other words the farmer is becoming educated; he is learning to farm. He is learning to utilize the water given to him and to feed it to his crops as they need it and not alone as nature wills. He is learning to care for and improve his stock; he is learning to concentrate his power, his education and his energy to make a fertile farm more fertile, to make a profitable crop more profitable, and he is doing it. He has better markets and better profits than ever before. He lives better, he dresses better, he has more comforts and more money, which he spends where he will. As a customer he is better satisfied and more easily pleased than the city shopper.—Batten's Wedge.

TREATMENT FOR SORE MOUTH.

Cattle the world over are liable to the disease known as sore mouth and when not properly treated a great deal of trouble is often experienced. When it is learned that the infection is among the herd the following treatment is recommended:

If the animals become affected on the pasture and the mouth only is diseased, they should immediately be taken to the stable and given plenty of food and the mouth thoroughly washed out once a day with a 3 per cent solution of any of the coal tar preparations. After thoroughly washing with any one of the dips, the mouth should be washed once a day with a 5 per cent solution of alum water. The animals should be kept in the stable until the affected parts are thoroughly healed, which soon happens when treatment is offered. A number of animals which were badly affected received no treatment, except that an abundance of food was provided for them in racks on account of the animal not being able to graze by reason of the severity of the disease. If these precautions are taken

the loss from death will be practically nothing. When the feet are affected they should also be washed with the above solution, or, if there should be none of these at hand, a 3 per cent carbolic acid solution will be very beneficial, and then apply a salve made up of twenty parts vaseline and one part carbolic acid. This treatment has given the very best results.—Orchard and Farm.

NOTES ON CELERY CULTURE.

At the Iowa Experiment Station a small experiment in celery culture was carried on, and it may possibly interest some to know what was done and what the results were. The seed was sown in the greenhouses about the last of March. The young celery plants were set out in the field about June first. A small part of the field was planted in trenches and the rest on the level, with rows five feet apart. The soil was rich black loam and rather low and flat.

From this time on the celery was given good care and grew well, no fertilizer being applied except to a very small portion of the field. Along about the first of September hilling was begun. Most of this was done by merely banking up with earth except about two hundred hills that were covered with tile. At intervals, as the celery grew, the hilling up process was continued. Such is, very briefly, a description of the conditions as they were. What were the results and what lessons were learned? Those are the important points.

In regard to the level and trench culture very little difference was noted in the resulting celery. The trench culture, however, was much easier to hill properly. On a dry year, too, the celery that is planted in trenches withstands heat and drought better. The celery that was blanched with tile was of as good quality and blanched as quickly as that hilled with earth. The work of covering with tile was also more easily done and none was found rotted in the heart as was the case with some of that hilled with earth. The tile, however, is objectionable because it is expensive and too short for tall varieties.

A part of the field was on land very poorly drained and the result was that this part baked quite hard and could hardly be hilled up at all, while that part of the field which was slightly sloping was well drained, did not bake and was easily worked. So in choosing a location for a celery field do not choose a low spot without adequate drainage if the nature of the soil is such as to permit baking. A small part of the celery was hilled up very high so as to cover nearly the entire top. This checked the growth and caused nearly every hill so treated to rot so that it could not be used.—Ex.

DAIRY NOTES.

Three things make successful dairying: Breeding, feeding and care.

It is not always the cows that eat the most that give the best returns.

Now is a mighty good time to weed out the loafer cows.

If butter is worked too much it will have an oily and greasy look.

Keep the cows away from weedy and low, wild pastures.

Do not try to work dry salt into dry butter.

Never churn fresh unripened cream with ripened cream.

Butter is better when fresh than it ever will be again.

Extremes of ups and downs in food soon dries up a cow.

Churning is a work of separation and needs to be done in a uniform temperature.

The cow's stomach is not a complete strainer that separates all good from all bad.

Many a dairyman has found that he cannot please everybody. Straight goods and straight conduct will win.

A cow to be profitable must give milk at least ten months during the year. To induce this habit milk the heifer at least fifteen months with her first calf.

In the matter of a bull, the best place to buy a bull is at the farm where a registered bull is in service, and must be sold on account of having been used as long as it is advisable to use the bull in that herd. Such a bull is tested, he has daughters giving milk and you can see and determine the prepotent qualities of the sire. By securing such a bull you are not breeding with any uncertainties as to the results. Many years are lost by using young, untested bulls. After you get the bull take care of him; never permit him to run with the herd. To give him the exercise he requires, arrange a sweep and let him have a daily walk.

As Others See Us.

"I don't have to work for a living," said the shiftless individual.

"Of course you don't," rejoined the busy man. "If you did it's a safe bet that you wouldn't be living."

When a young man leaves an odor of cigarettes in his trail, there develops a growing dissatisfaction with the girl who will agree to marry him.

Topics of the Times

The first London borough to supply electricity was St. Pancras. Its profits last year were \$36,500.

A German publisher says that while the number of new books issued every year is enormous, only about one manuscript of 300 submitted gets into print.

The Gabelhorn, Canton Valais, Switzerland, was ascended for the first time recently by two tourists and a guide. Many attempts have been made during the last fifty years.

Out of many samples of cloth for uniforms submitted to the Amir of Afghanistan, he has chosen that used in the Russian army. But it is thought his troops will refuse to wear it.

In a resolution opposing the use of pneumatic tools and machines in British dockyards, the Federated Council of Government Employees alleges that they are detrimental to men's health.

Sir Richard Sankey estimates that Ireland's bogs contain the equivalent of 5,000,000,000 tons of coal, and he advocates creating power for varied industries by converting the fuel into electricity on the spot.

The druggists of Rome have formed themselves into a corporate body in order to take proceedings against Baedeker for characterizing their establishments in his guide book as being unreliable and expensive.

Some of the women of the British nobility have queer pets. Lady Constance Richardson fondles a boa constrictor. Lady Evelyn likes guinea pigs and mice. Lady Alexander rejoices in the possession of a wolf cub.

The hopes—or fears—that electric tramways and automobiles would promptly exterminate horses in cities have so far proved unfounded. Paris, which has more automobiles than any other city, still has over 90,000 horses, which is only about 1,000 less than last year.

In a police court case at Burnley, England, it was stated that the accused man, his wife and eight children, slept in one bed room. One of the children said that in the summer they took in "haymakers as lodgers." "Where do they sleep?" asked the magistrate. "On the roof," was the reply.

There is a disposition in England to worry General Booth about the custody of the Salvation Army funds, for the army now has an annual income of about \$5,000,000. The Britishers do not make any reflections upon the general, but they think it would be only businesslike for him to have joined with him at least one other trustee.

Sir Hiram Maxim says of the flying machine he is making: "Yes, this time I think I have really solved the problem. I have always said that if a goose can fly a man should be able to. I am getting on in years. I shall be 65 my next birthday, but as I neither smoke nor drink I am a tough old fellow, and I mean to fly before I peg out—or—burst."

Great Britain has a new law, which reads: "That a person shall not establish any wireless telegraph station or install or work any apparatus for wireless telegraphy in any place in the British Isles or on board any British ship in the territorial waters abutting on the coast of the British Isles, except under and in accordance with a license granted by the Postmaster General."

The Venetian courts for some time have been trying to ascertain whether Prince Carlo Vincenzo Giovannelli, who

is known to have been alive in 1703, is dead yet. The disposal of a claim to more than \$1,000,000 is at issue. So far no death certificate in the case has been producible, but a priest has offered to swear that the prince is no longer alive, and his deposition will be accepted.

The House of Lords' decision, which recently gave to the twenty-four dissenters from union with the United Presbyterian Church, of Scotland, the \$50,000,000 property and \$5,000,000 cash of the Free Church, was, in a nutshell, that, although the majority members of a church may change their creed and go over to another church if they choose, they cannot carry with them the property devoted to a church in whose creed they no longer believe.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott is a firm believer in the value of regular hours of rest in the daytime. Recently in addressing a group of theological students he said it has been his practice for years to set aside the hour after the midday meal as exclusively his own, when he is not to be disturbed "unless the house is on fire and the fire has reached the second story." Then he is free to dip into poetry or rest and meditate with folded hands as he may choose.

MARKS ON FINGERNAILS.

How Illness or an Accident Affects Them.

"One who makes a close study of finger nails will find many curious things about them to excite his wonder and interest," says an expert of such matters in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "but none more so than the stories of physical condition told in their growth."

"You know the nail of a person in good health grows at the rate of about one-sixteenth of an inch each week—slightly more than many authorities believe—but during illness or after an accident or during times of mental depression this growth is not only affected and retarded so far as its length is concerned, but also as regards its thickness. The very lighter illness will thus leave an indelible mark on the nails which may be readily detected as the nail grows out. If one has a sudden attack, such as acute rheumatism, which sends the temperature bounding upward to 104 or 105 within the space of two or three hours, it will be found on the nails, indicating the difference in thickness of growth between the time when health was enjoyed and the thin growth of the ill period.

"If the illness is one that comes gradually, like typhoid fever, for example, instead of a ridge a gentle incline will appear on the nails. Should one have an arm broken the thick ridge can be seen only on the fingers of one hand, but in all cases of general sickness the ridges or slope appears on the fingers of both hands. When one has passed through a period of extreme excitement or mental depression, the fact will be imprinted on the nails either with an abrupt ridge or a gentle slope, according to the acuteness of the mental influence.

"In no instance can the marks of illness, accident or mental condition be clearly seen on the nail until after the growth has carried the line beyond the white or half-moon portion of it, but a week or two subsequent to any of these things the ridge or slope may be found on the nails, usually readily visible to the eyes; but if not, the mark may be found by running the tip of the finger down any of the nails."

A girl's idea of a hopeless idiot is a young man who doesn't kiss her when he has a chance.

Every benedict has a mind of his own, but the title is apt to be clouded.

THE ENTERPRISE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop

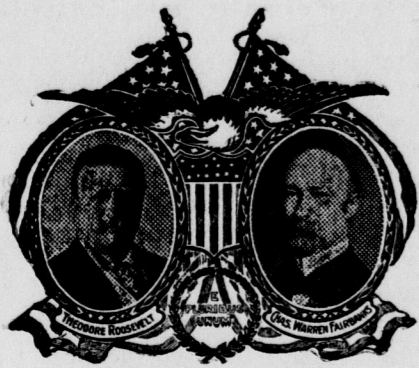
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1904.



FOR PRESIDENT

Theodore Roosevelt
OF NEW YORK

FOR VICE PRESIDENT

Charles W. Fairbanks
OF INDIANA

For Congress

FIFTH DISTRICT

HON. E. A. HAYES

For State Senator

TWENTY-NINTH DISTRICT

HON. S. H. RAMBO

For Assemblyman

FIFTY-THIRD DISTRICT

HON. R. H. JURY

For Supervisor

FIRST TOWNSHIP

JULIUS EIKERENKOTTER

"When we make it evident that all men, great and small alike, have to obey the law, we put the safeguard of the law around all men."—Theodore Roosevelt.

We publish the communication of a correspondent criticising the new liquor ordinance passed by our Board of Supervisors. The communication is given in full, with the exception of a personal reference to one of the candidates who is running for office at present.

"Any man who tries to excite class hatred, sectional hate, hate of creeds, any kind of hatred in our community, though he may affect to do it in the interest of the class he is addressing, is in the long run with absolute certainty that class's own worst enemy."—Theodore Roosevelt.

"It is idle to say that the monetary standard of the nation is irrevocably fixed so long as the party which at the last election cast approximately forty per cent of the total vote, refuses to put in its platform any statement that the question is settled."—Roosevelt's Letter of Acceptance.

The Enterprise has no criticism to offer touching Mr. Casey nor any objection to him personally. He is a reputable citizen of this county and township and a substantial business man of Colma.

Mr. Eikerenkotter, the Republican nominee, is also a good man. More than that, he is a resident of this town, all he owns is here, he is our neighbor, and a taxpayer of our town and it seems to the Enterprise that, admitting both candidates to be equally good men, that Mr. Eikerenkotter has a claim to preference with the citizens of our town without regard to politics.

We publish elsewhere in this issue a communication upon the subject of the newly enacted ordinance, limiting the number of saloons in San Mateo county.

Our correspondent is disposed to be somewhat satirical at the expense of the Enterprise. That is all right. The Enterprise is not given to making professions. Its position on all questions of public interest has always been clear and straightforward. Furthermore, this paper has not waited for a political campaign to make its views known on matters of local interest. In this matter of the saloons we had intended to say nothing until after the present political contest was ended, for the reason that we think

the saloon question should be considered and decided upon its merits and not to promote the interest of any man or faction in politics.

As a matter of fact, the first move to limit the number of saloons was made by the church people of this town, and the writer was consulted, and discussed the question at some length with the then leader of the movement. It seems that the later move was made by the saloonmen themselves. We do not believe the method adopted the best nor the right plan to limit the liquor traffic and also believe it should be restricted. With us it is not a question of the Constitution but the practical question of what is best for the people. The solicitude of our correspondent seems to us somewhat exaggerated. The Constitution does not in our humble opinion need the aid of either ourself nor our patriotic correspondent to restore its supremacy. It is still supreme, the new ordinance of San Mateo county and the apprehension of our correspondent notwithstanding. When the election is over we propose to have something to say on the subject of saloon restriction and if our correspondent is in earnest we will be happy to join him and any other citizens who may favor the reasonable regulation of the liquor traffic in our county. We do not believe in making local political capital out of this question.

A DEMOCRATIC BOOMERANG.

The leaflet circulated by the more unscrupulous of the Democratic campaign managers purporting to give extracts from the writings and speeches of President Roosevelt, is a tissue of falsehoods and misrepresentation. The manufacturers of the mendacious pamphlet have in some instances invented a falsehood out of whole cloth and in others taken statements and sentences out of their context in their effort to make the President express sentiments he never entertained. The New York World of August 29th denounced in the strongest language as "mudslinging" and "inspired idiocy" this attempt of party politicians to gain their end by dishonest and indecent means. These leaflets were distributed at the recent Democratic meeting here, but we venture the assertion that neither Mr. Edward White nor Mr. Troy, who spoke at the meeting, had anything to do with the matter. Decent Democrats like White and Troy and decent papers like the World will not stoop to that kind of political warfare.

LOOKOUT FOR CONGRESS.

The Democratic managers are making a still hunt for the election of their Congressional nominees. They realize the hopelessness of electing a Democratic President, and are making a supreme effort to control Congress. Now, a Republican Congress is just as essential to the continued prosperity of the country as a Republican President. Let all voters who desire the continuance of the present prosperous conditions look well to this feature of the present contest and vote straight for the Republican Congressional candidates.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

No painless dentist can fool us. "You're another," is a mighty poor argument.

Forgiveness is a very poor foundation for friendship.

A dog will butt in on mighty little provocation.

The only redeeming feature about a pig is its hams.

Going visiting is like borrowing from the neighbors; you have to pay back.

People have too much business to talk about and not enough to transact.

It is surprising how near crazy some people can be, and keep out of the asylum.

The politician who flops reminds us of the dying thief, and we never had any use for him.

When the worthless man cannot find any other excuse, he says he is sick. He can always work that.

Which would be wiser for a man past 50 to do, marry a trained nurse or a good cook?

If a secret is kept a secret, this is one sign that it was not considered important enough to tell.

We can stand cheap people pretty well until they begin to act superior.

This weather is good enough for us; we never care to go to heaven in the fall.

There are yellow roses. Therefore, the compliment that a woman has a "rose leaf complexion" is often true.

Even though a man has worthless parents, if he does not amount to something by the time he is forty, it is time to stop blaming them.—Athenian Globe.

NOTICE.

Owners of impounded stock are hereby notified that in case of my absence from the Pound they can obtain their stock by applying at the stockyards office and paying charges.

A. T. SHERMAN, Poundkeeper.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

A brave man is never a tyrant.

ELECTION

PROCLAMATION

The Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo, State of California, hereby give notice pursuant to the proclamation of the Governor of the said State of California issued on the 26th day of September, A. D. 1904, that a General Election will be held throughout said county on

Tuesday, the 8th day of November, A. D. 1904.

Polls will be open from 6 o'clock a. m. until 5 o'clock p. m. of that day, at which election the qualified electors throughout said county will vote for the Proposed Constitutional Amendments to the Constitution of the State of California, which said Constitutional Amendments were and are duly set forth in said Governor's Election Proclamation, and for the following officers, viz:

Ten Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

One Representative to the Congress of the United States from the Fifth Congressional District.

One Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of California.

One Joint Senator from the Twenty-ninth Senatorial District, comprising the Counties of Santa Cruz and San Mateo.

One member of the Assembly from the Fifty-third Assembly District.

In the First Supervisor District of said County, one Supervisor.

In the Third Supervisor District of said County, one Supervisor.

In the Fourth Supervisor District of said County, one Supervisor.

The following named Election Precincts in and for said County have been and are hereby regularly established for said election, said several election precincts having been established, and are now fully set forth, bounded and described in Ordinance Number 193 of the said Board of Supervisors of said County.

The Polling Places and Boards of Election for said election are hereby ordered, designated, selected and appointed as follows, to-wit:

BADEN PRECINCT.

Polls at Butchers' Hall, South San Francisco.

Inspectors—Michael Foley, H. J. Vandenberg.

Judges—J. L. Wood, Chas. Robinson.

Clerks—W. G. Nourse, J. E. Singletary.

Ballot Clerks—C. L. Kauffmann, J. J. Kelly.

BELMONT PRECINCT.

Polls at Mills building on Main County Road, Belmont.

Inspectors—A. Hammerson, G. H. Yount.

Judges—Asa Hull, P. A. Russell.

Clerks—A. F. Otto, E. O'Neill.

Ballot Clerks—W. D. Kelly, B. F. Yount.

COLMA PRECINCT.

Polls at Jefferson Hall, Colma.

Inspectors—Peter Faber, John Ryan.

Judges—John Biggio, Patrick Callan.

Clerks—E. H. Danman, Chas. Suederman.

Ballot Clerks—Geo. C. Luce, A. E. Verlinden.

DENNISTON PRECINCT.

Polls at Denniston Public School House.

Inspectors—E. Anderson, Severino Albertini.

Judges—John Kyne, J. F. Weinke.

Clerks—Fred Wittner, Joseph Beffa.

Ballot Clerks—Frank Martini, H. C. Ransom.

LA HONDA PRECINCT.

Polls at Keiffer's Hall, La Honda.

Inspectors—A. Stengel, Henry Steinberg.

Judges—Chris Iverson, John H. Sears.

Clerks—Ellis Davies, A. R. Kirkpatrick.

Ballot Clerks—W. L. Langley, Edward Soluago.

MENLO PARK PRECINCT NO. 1.

Polls at Duff & Doyle's store, Menlo Park.

Inspectors—Thos. McIntyre, Geo. Nunn.

Judges—M. Clark, Wm. Headley.

Clerks—Wm. A. Doyle, Thos. A. Casey.

Ballot Clerks—F. W. Johnson, Louis Goetzshain.

MENLO PARK PRECINCT NO. 2.

Polls at Fitzgerald's Hall, Menlo Park.

Inspectors—John Nash, E. L. Taylor.

Judges—E. J. Crane, Ira Merrill.

Clerks—James Lynch, Chas. P. Cooley.

Ballot Clerks—Wm. Casey Jr., Harry P. Moore.

MILLBRAE PRECINCT.

Polls at Connelly's Hall, Millbrae.

Inspectors—John Soule, E. P. Smith.

Judges—J. McNulty, Chas. Barbeau Sr.

Clerks—M. McHugh, C. E. Beatie.

Ballot Clerks—F. C. Marceau, Louis Tavel.

PESCADERO PRECINCT.

Polls at I. O. O. F. Hall, Pescadero.

Inspectors—D. C. Adair, Jos. McCormick.

Judges—George P. Ellis, George Lewis.

Clerks—A. J. Goulson, Wm. A. Moore.

Ballot Clerks—Eli D. Moore, Harry W. Good.

PURISSIMA PRECINCT.

Polls at Public School House, Purissima.

Inspectors—Herman Jordan, Horace Nelson.

Judges—Michael Moran, Horace Nelson.

Clerks—Wm. Deeney, Elmer W. Coon.

Ballot Clerks—George Shoults, John Struthers.

REDWOOD PRECINCT NO. 1.

Polls at Court House, Redwood City.

Inspectors—P. McCarthy, W. J. McGarvey.

Judges—Chas. Barton, E. M. Hanson.

Clerks—D. R. Stafford, B. P. G. Smith.

Ballot Clerks—Christian Stillelsen, Roy W. Cloud.

Toilers of the Columbia

New Serial Story by Paul De Laney

SOON TO APPEAR IN THIS PAPER

Toilers of the Columbia tells of life twenty years ago at the mouth of the Columbia. The terrible ocean storms that swept into the Columbia River and claimed scores of victims from the fishing fleets are described in language that would stir the blood of even those hardy mariners who fought and survived these ever-present dangers.

The history of the old Columbia River fishing war that threatened to involve two states, is related true to the living incident, and many characters in the story are excellent types of the old-time fishermen. There is a love story in Toilers of the Columbia, rugged and robust, tender and entrancing—all the human elements that fascinate.

Toilers of the Columbia is a Home Story

by a home author, that treats graphically home scenes and incidents, appealing strongly to all the people of all the great Pacific Coast. Better see that YOUR name is on our subscription list and thus be sure of having the opening chapters of this great Pacific Coast novel.

ABOUT FIRE INSURANCE

IMPORTANT TO POLICY HOLDERS

Read Carefully, then Cut Out and Paste on the Back of Your Fire Insurance Policy.

At and After a Fire.

Instruct the insured:
To save all he can.
To care for, clean up, dry out and air the saved property.

To keep an account of all expenses incurred in caring for saved property, and charge to the loss.

To keep open and continue business as if there were no insurance; he must not close his doors and wait for an adjuster.

That the Insurance Company will not take care of or take possession of his premises or of his saved property.

That any loss caused by his negligence to protect and care for his property at or after a fire is not covered by the insurance contract; and

That all of the value of the property saved belongs to the insured, and all of the loss and loss expenses thereon up to the face of the policy is chargeable to the insurance.

Many small companies have been weakened by the Baltimore fire.

The policies of my companies are conflagration proof.

I represent strong companies only.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Agent.

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C. GRAF, Prop'r.

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TOWN NEWS

Plenty to do.
Business lively.
Everybody busy.
More building in prospect.
Bay Shore means business.
Ex-Supervisor Bryan was in town Wednesday.

J. H. Burchard of San Francisco was in town Monday.

Don't forget the ball given by the band boys this evening.

Factories at the water front are all running with full force.

C. F. Kauffmann does light hauling. Leave orders at Wells, Fargo office.

O. Berlinger has touched up the interior of his meat market with a coat of paint.

Miss Nellie Dunn leaves for New York shortly, where she will spend the winter.

Born—In this town, Wednesday, October 26th, to the wife of A. Coblyn, a daughter.

Land Agent W. J. Martin had a party here Thursday looking for a site for a factory.

Hereafter Wahita Council will hold its meetings on Monday evening instead of Tuesday.

John Vietech has leased the two lower westerly flats of the Thrasher building for one year.

J. J. Montevardo and wife are at present stopping at the Huber home on Commercial avenue.

Supervisor Eikerenkotter has a large force of men working at various points on the county road.

A carload of cedar poles arrived Monday for the South San Francisco Power and Light Company.

During the fore part of the week the cattle shipments into this place were somewhat heavier than usual.

John Debenedetti took a run up to South City the first of the week to look after his business.—Coast Advocate.

Miss Bessie Fox returned to her home at Hanford Monday after spending several weeks with friends at this place.

Property owners will not forget that Tax Collector Granger will be here on Friday, November 4th, to receive taxes.

Dr. R. I. Longbaugh has decided not to locate here and informs us that he will practice medicine at Mountain View instead.

Contractors Erickson & Petterson received four carloads of horses and mules on Tuesday for work on the Bay Shore Cut-off.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

P. Lombardi was arrested on the 26th for shooting a meadow lark, in violation of the game laws and upon pleading guilty was fined \$50.

Born—In this town, Saturday, October 22d, to the wife of James E. Sullivan, a son. Mr. Sullivan is now the proud father of three sons.

The ladies of the Guild will give a social and hop at Guild Hall Wednesday evening, November 2d. A very pleasant evening in store for all who may attend.

A Republican meeting will be held at Butchers' Hall on Saturday evening, November 5th. In addition to local speakers the State Central Committee will send a speaker of wide reputation.

A Democratic meeting was held at Butchers' Hall on Friday evening of last week. The hall was well filled. Our local brass band furnished the music. The principal speakers were Congressmen Wynn and Livernash.

We are indebted to County Clerk Schaberg for a copy of the "Election Officers' Guide. If election officers will simply follow the instructions contained in this pamphlet literally and strictly errors will be impossible.

Every citizen should without fail put in an appearance this evening at the concert and ball given by our local band at Armour Pavilion. The programme is a very interesting one and the boys are certainly entitled to the cordial support of our people.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

County Clerk Schaberg was here last Saturday for the purpose of examining voters, whom it was claimed could not read or write, thus violating the election law. We understand that fifteen men lose their franchise as a result of the investigation.—Coast Advocate.

The excavating for the foundations of the new concrete bridge over Osterman creek is well under way. Fifteen men and three teams are at present employed in the various duties connected with the work. The old bridge will be allowed to stand until the new structure is built up to it, so that travel will not be obstructed. The bridge when complete will cost over \$4000, but it will stand for ages—a lasting monument to its builders and a credit to San Mateo county. Daneri, Savage & De Martini are the contractors.—Coast Advocate.

CHOICE OF ALL ROUTES EAST.

Is offered by Southern Pacific. You want the best—the one that suits you best. Don't make any arrangements until you have learned of the magnificent limited trains and personally conducted excursions in new Pullman tourist cars of our different routes.

G. W. Holston, Southern Pacific Agent South San Francisco, will sell you a ticket, reserve you a berth, or write to Paul Shoup, D. F. and P. A., 26 South First street, San Jose. tf

REAL ESTATE NOTES.

A. M. Meyer has purchased of the Land and Improvement Company lot 27 in block 96.

J. Bruno has purchased of Mr. W. J. Martin the westerly ½ of lot 8 in block 124.

The brick building for the Electric Power and Light Company is completed and the company expects to be ready to do business about the middle of November.

Mrs. D. Harrington is receiving bids for the construction of a two-story hotel building on her lot 6 in block 148. The building is to be 23 by 112 feet.

Contractor Johnson has a force of men at work and has the frame up for Mr. Michenfelder's two-story building at the corner of Grand and Maple avenues.

REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.

At a meeting of the Republican County committee in Redwood City Monday partial arrangements were made for meetings to be held throughout the county as follows:

Belmont—Friday, October 28th.

Woodside—Saturday, October 29th.

Pescadero—Tuesday, November 1st.

Halfmoon Bay—Wednesday, November 2d.

Menlo Park—Thursday, November 3d.

San Mateo—Friday, November 4th.

South San Francisco—Saturday, November 5th.

Redwood City—Monday, November 7th.

Colma—To be arranged.

In addition to local speakers the State Central Committee will send to each of these meetings a speaker of State-wide reputation.

ZACHARIAS MATTLI.

On Saturday last, October 22d, Zacharias Mattli, while at work at the mill at the steel works, was accidentally caught under the heavy rollers and his right leg crushed at the ankle and knee joints. The accident occurred about 7:30 a. m. The injured man was at once sent to his home.

Dr. Plymire put the shattered leg in splints and ordered an ambulance from the city to take Mr. Mattli to St. Luke's Hospital. The ambulance arrived and started with the injured man for the hospital about 11 a. m., but the shock was too great to allow the injured man to rally and he died in the ambulance before reaching the hospital. An inquest was held by Coroner Leland yesterday and in the absence of a knowledge of the facts given at the inquest no statement can be made as to the circumstances under which the accident occurred.

The funeral was held under the auspices of the Improved Order of Red Men, of which the deceased was an honored member, at Butchers' Hall, Tuesday, October 25th. Interment in Cypress Lawn. Zacharias Mattli was a native of Switzerland, aged 52 years, the beloved husband of Maria Mattli, and father of Mary, Joseph, Christina, Walter and Emma Mattli. He was a member of the order of Woodmen of the World and of the Crutli Verein. He was known generally as John Mattli and no workingman in this community was more loved by his fellow toilers than was good-natured John Mattli. He was the best of husbands and fathers, and while his pay was small, never exceeding \$12 per week, he was punctual in the payment of all his bills. Indeed, this was a matter of conscience with him. The evening before his death this patient, industrious toiler said to the writer: "I thank God I have a strong healthy body so I can work for my family," and alas! Before noon of next day that heroic man was still in death.

Baden, South City, October 24, 1904.

Editor of the Enterprise.—I noticed in Saturday's edition of your paper that the Board of Supervisors had passed a law limiting the number of saloons in the county. This appears all right at first view. We could get along with two-thirds less of them without dying of thirst. Sacrifice the saloon, by all means, but spare the Constitution. But in this instance, the Board has made the latter its victim. There has been so much free campaign cigars and other refreshments strolling about lately that perhaps the poor Board got "jagged."

If that has been the case the Enterprise should sober it up and have it reconsider its butchery and restore its victim to its former supremacy.

The Enterprise professes to echo the sentiments of the Grand Old Party, which in the main are the preservation of the Constitution; and, if it allows this bold and brazen saloon monopoly to trample on the declaration of rights and the Constitution without a fight to a victory, it will prove that its but a sickly counterfeit, existing on borrowed reputation. However, I hope better of your paper and that it will succeed in detroning this latest monopoly and leave the county free to all investors in rum, rags or bottles, or whatever other legitimate business, without knuckling to Bacchus or any other dictator, but the true and Constitutional County Government.

Wishing the Constitution success and dismay to its opponents, I am, respectfully yours, SAN BRUNO.

MILLBRAE STORE SOLD.

The Millbrae store building and lot, commonly known as the LeCorney property, was sold on Saturday by Mrs. S. LeCorney to J. C. Robb, formerly of this city. The purchase price is not stated, but is supposed to be in the neighborhood of \$5000. Mr. Robb will stock up the store with a complete line of first-class groceries and provisions and give the people of Millbrae and vicinity a thoroughly up-to-date mercantile establishment. The property is on the most prominent corner of Millbrae and is considered a valuable holding.—Leader, San Mateo.

REWARD.

A reward of \$5 will be paid for information leading to the detection of the person or persons who have been committing nuisances at Guild Hall. The information will be treated as confidential and not divulged to the injury of the informant.

W. J. MARTIN.

BAND CONCERT AT SOUTH CITY.

On Saturday evening next there will be a grand concert and ball given in Armour Pavilion, South San Francisco, by the South San Francisco Band. The band is one of the finest musical organizations on the coast and is under the able leadership of Prof. Wm. Forner. The event has long been looked forward to and will doubtless draw an immense attendance. The boys deserve liberal encouragement, as on the occasion of any charitable or church entertainment it has been its pleasure to turn out and lend its valuable assistance without charge of any kind. The people of the northern end of the county will be exceedingly well represented and it is hoped there will also be a large attendance from San Mateo and other towns in the neighborhood.—Leader, San Mateo.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the Assessment Books of the County of San Mateo (Real and Personal) for the fiscal year 1904, have been received and the taxes on all personal property secured by real property, and one-half of the taxes on all real property, are now due and payable and will be added to the amount thereof, 15 per cent will be added to the amount thereof. If the said first installment of said taxes be not paid before the LAST MONDAY IN APRIL, 1905, at 6 o'clock p. m., and unless paid prior thereto, 15 per cent will be added to the amount thereof. The remaining one-half of the taxes on all Real Property will be payable on and after the first Monday in January next, and will be delinquent on the LAST MONDAY IN APRIL next thereafter at 6 o'clock p. m., and unless paid prior thereto, 5 per cent will be added to the amount thereof.

I will be in attendance to receive taxes at the following times and places:

Friday, November 4th, 1 to 4 p. m.—E. E. Cunningham's office, South San Francisco.

Saturday, November 5th, 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.—Belli & Co.'s Store, Colma.

FRANK M. GRANGER, Tax Collector, San Mateo County.

NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock p. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

San Mateo County Building and Loan Association.

Assets, \$175,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary, Redwood City, Cal.

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THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

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BREWERIES

—AND—

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Office with Wells, Fargo & Co., P. O. Building

R. I. LONGBAUGH, M. D.

Late of City and County Hospital and Waldeck Hospital of San Francisco.

HOURS: 1 to 4 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M.

THRASHER BUILDING

GRAND AVENUE

South San Francisco, San Mateo County, Cal.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—All classes of cattle offered freely, general market steady, with best grades steers firm, cows easier.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Desirable sheep and lambs not plentiful, meeting ready sales at strong prices.

HOGS—Offered freely, in good demand, market strong.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are as follows (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 grassed Steers, 7½¢; 2nd quality, 6½¢; Thin Steers, 5½¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 5½¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 5¢; third quality, 4½¢.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 125 to 225 lbs., 4½¢; over 250 to 300 lbs., 4¼¢; rough undesirable hogs, 4¼¢; hogs weighing under 125 lbs., 4¼¢.

SHEEP—No. 1 Wethers, 3¼¢; No. 1 Ewes, 2¾¢. Suckling Lambs, 4¼¢; per lb., live weight.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs., alive, gross weight, 4¼¢; over 250 lbs., 3¼¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—Market strong on good, heavy Steers; other grades Beef weak.—First quality steers, 6½¢; second quality, 5½¢; third quality 4½¢; thin steers, 3½¢; first quality cows and heifers, 5½¢; second quality, 4¼¢; third quality, 4¼¢.

VEAL—Large, 6½¢; medium, 7½¢; small, good, 8½¢.

MUTTON—Market firm.—Wethers, heavy, 6½¢; light, 7½¢; Heavy Ewes, 5½¢; Light Ewes, 5½¢; Spring Lambs No. 1, 7½¢; fair Lambs, 7½¢.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 7½¢.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12¼¢; picnic hams, 9½¢; Boiled Hams, skin on, 18¢; skin off, 20¢.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 16¢; light S. C. bacon, 15¢; med. bacon, clear, 11¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 11¢; clear, light bacon, 13½¢; clear ex. light bacon, 14½¢.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl., \$10.00; do, hf-bbl., \$5.25; Family Beef, bbl., \$9.50; hf-bbl., \$5.00; Extra Mess, bbl., \$9.50; do, hf-bbl., \$5.00.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 10¢; do, light, 10¢; do, Bellies, 11¢; Clear, bbls., \$19.00; hf-bbls., \$9.75; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$5.00; 25-lb. kegs, \$2.10; kils., \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are as follows:

Tes. ½-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 6 6½ 6¼ 6¾ 6½ 6¾

Cal. pure 9½ 9¼ 9¾ 10¼ 10½ 10¾

In 3-lb. tins the price on each is ¼¢ higher than on 5-lb. tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s., 1s. 1.35; Roast Beef, 2s., 1s.

For a GOOD TIME When Going to SAN FRANCISCO

CALL AND SEE

FRANK A. MARTIN

Arctic Snug Saloon

770 HOWARD STREET

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San Francisco, Cal.

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SURGEON, W. M. CO.

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San Mateo County, Cal.

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VIA CHICAGO \$5.00 ADDITIONAL.

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Service, quickest time, scenery, are via the routes of the

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16 First St., San Jose.

CHAS. S. FEE, Pass. Traffic Manager.

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SAN MATEO BANK

San Mateo, Cal.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL.....\$200,000.00

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL.....100,000.00

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SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS...2,500.00

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THE PACIFIC TREE AND VINE

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

NO home periodical so interests and so helps every member of the family as does The Pacific Tree and Vine. It makes the routine of every-day work easier; it has besides a great deal of instructive and interesting reading to please the mind as well as to save the hand.

The Pacific Tree and Vine is not only an agricultural, live stock and poultry journal, treating of conditions as they exist on this coast, but it is a household magazine, publishing a great deal of usefulness, and something of entertainment. A thirty-six page monthly journal, handsomely printed and well illustrated. Subscription price, One Dollar.

WE GIVE IT! Having made arrangements with the publishers, we are offering this great monthly with the Enterprise for \$1.50 to every person paying one year's subscription in advance.

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LOUISIANA

PURCHASE

EXPOSITION

Round Trip

St. Louis

\$67.50

VIA CHICAGO \$5.00 ADDITIONAL.

The Direct Routes

THE DAYS GONE BY.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard, and the path-
way through the rye;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle
of the quail
As he piped across the meadows sweet
as any nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover, and
the blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over—in
the days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked
feet were tripped
By the honeysuckle tangles where the
water lilies dipped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the
moss along the brink,
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed
cattle came to drink,
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of
the trout's wayward cry,
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the
days gone by.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the luster
of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies, and Alad-
din's magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in
everything,
For life was like a story, holding neither
sob nor sigh,
In the golden, olden glory of the days
gone by.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Other Woman

Of course," said Polly, shoving
her heel down into her skate
with a little tramp and striking
out over the ice like a bird learning
to hop, "it was the fault of the other
woman!"

We had been talking about the
breaking off of Abbingdon Dare's en-
gagement to the auburn-haired Down-
ing girl, and of how Miss Downing
had discovered the other flirtation by
listening down the dumb waiter shaft.

"Of course," I agreed. "It is always
the fault of the other woman."

Polly gurgled mirthfully and I
thought satirically.

"Surely," I asked anxiously, "you
do not blame the dumb waiter shaft?
I never saw a dumb waiter shaft
with peroxide hair and a dimple in its
chin."

Polly gave me a reproachful glance.
"And," I went on, "you certainly do
not blame Miss Downing for breaking
it off when she found out—"

"And, of course," broke in Polly, "I
could not possibly blame—Abbingdon
Dare, for instance."

"Won't you take hold of my hands,
Polly? The ice is—er—very slippery."

For answer, Polly buried both her
hands deep in her muff and continued
to mope along in jerky little semicir-
cles.

"And now," she went on, ignoring a
brilliant pigeon wing I had cut for
her benefit, "the auburn-haired Down-
ing girl and the other girl don't
speak."

"Then," said I, bringing up beside
Polly with a flourish, "Miss Downing
blames the other woman, too?"

Polly looked at me as though know-
ing things like that were the most
natural thing in the world.

"Of course!" she declared emphatic-
ally. "A woman always does blame
the other woman. That is the funniest
thing about it. She seems just as
anxious to make a pack-horse for the
masculine sins out of some other wom-
an as the man himself. I suppose to-
morrow that, if you held one hand
over your heart and the other over the
family Bible and took an oath of al-
legiance, and if the very next moment
I detected you admiring a pretty
face—"

"It would have to have a brown
pompadour above it and a dimple in
its left cheek," I declared, looking at
Polly.

Polly blushed.

"Or saying nice things to another
girl in the conservatory," she went on.
"Everybody would expect me to blame
the pretty face or the other girl. But
I shouldn't!" and in her momentary
excitement Polly forgot to be fright-
ened, and almost did some real skat-
ing.

"Well," I grumbled, "why shouldn't
you?"

"Because," said Polly, "it wouldn't
be the girl who owed me allegiance."

"Then I suppose," I remarked, "that
you approve of the fact that Miss
Downing has cut Abbingdon Dare off
irrevocably?"

"I would," said Polly, "if she had;
but she hasn't. He'll only have to wait
until the first burst of temper wears
off and then come around with a
pathetic story of how the other wom-
an lured him—"

"And invited him to call."

"And fed him with flattery and lob-
ster a la Newburgh."

"And told him a sad little story of
her past life."

"And actually pursued him to his
office."

"And had her brother bring him up
to dinner."

"And sent him pink notes—that he
couldn't, in politeness, refuse to an-
swer."

"Well, that's the way they do it,"
said I.

"Do—what?"

Polly had to wave her arms wildly
to catch her balance.

"Polly," said I, "the moment a man
becomes devotedly attached to some
one girl all the other girls in her set
begin to find him fascinating. I fancy
it's something like setting a new style.
If one of you wears a fur hat or a
feather boa immediately all the rest of
you buy fur hats and feather boas.
If one of you finds a man worth while

all the rest of you step into line to see
if you can't wrest him from her. Add-
ed to this fashion, the very fact that
he is not attainable makes him all the
more popular. That's a little twist in
the feminine make-up. Polly, dear."

"Mr. Sylvester," said Polly—and the
ice looked warm beside her voice—"I
can skate quite as well if you do not
hold my hand. An engaged man—or a
married man, either," she continued,
"is exactly like the little fox terrier
who couldn't be made to come out of
his house until they tied him up. Then
he chewed up the rope and began
romping around the back yard. The
very moment a man feels the cords of
an engagement or the bonds of mat-
rimony binding him he wants to slip
them off. Why, a man who would
laugh at pink notes and snub the girl
who pursued him with lobsters before
marriage will succumb to them like a
violet to the sun or an icicle to the
fire after matrimony. But I don't
blame him!" declared Polly, trying to
wiggle her hand away.

"Neither do I," I agreed, enthusias-
tically, clasping the hand tighter than
ever.

"I blame the woman," announced
Polly.

"Which woman, Polly?" said I.

"The other woman?"

"Why, no," said Polly. "The other—
that is, both of them. Now if they
would only join hands—"

"What!" I exclaimed. "Two women?"

"And co-operate for the punishment
and confusion of the man—"

"Polly Lee," I asked tragically,
"would you undermine the whole social
system? Why, co-operation between
two women would be worse than the
Servant Girls' Union. Ever since there
have been two women and a man on
earth there has been feminine war-
fare."

"And that," said Polly, "has been
the cause of most of the masculine
sins. It is always a case of woman
against woman. You find it every-
where, from the nursery to the divorce
court. When Bobby is a small boy
he promises Marjorie and Gracie each
his box of candy. When Marjorie and
Gracie find out this perfidy, instead of
uniting against him and taking it out
of him, they begin pulling one an-
other's hair and scratching at each
other's eyes; and Bobby walks serenely
off and gives the candy to little
Mary Anne around the corner. When
he grows up Bobby may have as many
wives as Solomon, but when he is
brought into court there are always
half of them dying to send him to
prison and the other half aching to
take him back to their arms again,
and all of them glaring daggers at
each other—"

"And," I added, "there is always
still another woman waiting round the
corner with a heart full of sympathy."

"And such fascinations as peroxide
hair."

"Is it absolutely necessary that the
other woman have peroxide hair,
Polly?" I inquired.

"Oh, that's a way with other
women," said Polly.

"And yet," I remarked, gliding along
meditatively, "I once knew—another
woman—who didn't dye her hair."

Polly wriggled her hand out of mine
and tucked it in her muff.

"It was—let me see—about the time
I announced my engagement," I went
on, reflectively.

Polly turned and struck out for the
shore with a spurt of which I had not
thought her capable.

"She was," I continued, "a girl in
your set."

"I do believe the sun is going down,
Mr. Sylvester," remarked Polly, slow-
ing up perceptibly.

For reasons of my own I did not
attempt to carry on the conversation.
After a few moments' silence what I
expected happened.

"Who," said Polly, faintly, "was
the girl in my set?"

"Why, the other woman, of course,"
I replied. "She had hardly observed
my existence before the day that my
engagement was announced. The very
next evening she asked her brother to
invite me up to dinner."

I fancied Polly said something like
"contemptible!" but I must have been
mistaken.

"Of course you didn't go, Mr. Syl-
vester?" she remarked, aloud.

"I'm afraid I did," I confessed, rue-
fully. "You see, I didn't exactly un-
derstand things then, as I do since you
and I have been engaged for some
time. And the girl was very pretty
and alluring—" Polly gave a little
gasp, and sped on.

"And," I continued, keeping beside
her, "when she invited me for a
sleighing party on the following night
and named a nice girl—"

Polly stopped short in the middle of
the ice.

"I accepted," I finished.

"You—went—Jack Sylvester?" Pol-
ly's voice would have been awful, if
it had not threatened to be teary.

"Oh, no," I answered quickly. "I
didn't go. You see the snow melted
next morning, and so she sent me
around a little pink note to say that
she would be at home, anyhow."

"I know whom you mean," said
Polly, striking out for shore once more.

"It was that Edgerly girl—the one
who rouges and wears such awful
hats."

"Oh, no—not the Edgerly girl," I
said, scornfully. "It was—"

"Then," declared Polly, "it must
have been Alicia Brown. That's her
only method of getting attention, Mr.
Sylvester. She keeps a little list of
eligible men on her dressing-table.
Doubtless you are on the list. I think,
though, it is rather detestable of her
to treat me so sweetly—"

"But you don't blame me, do you,
Polly?"

"Not if it was Alicia Brown," said

Polly sarcastically. "You couldn't
possibly have escaped her, Mr. Sylves-
ter. No man could."

"But it wasn't Alicia," I explained,
as I knelt down to unfasten Polly's
skates. "It couldn't have been, you
know—because, at that time, Alicia
was my fiancée."

Clash! My skates, which Polly had
been holding, fell with a clatter.

"And," I went on, ignoring the study
in scarlet above me, "when you invited
me to that dinner and I met you there
in that gauzy, yellow thing you wore,
and you smelt of hyacinths and
danced like a butterfly—"

"Jack," said Polly, "it's getting per-
fectly dark."

"And," I continued, "you simply
wouldn't take a refusal for the sleigh-
ing party, you remember—"

"Mr. Sylvester," said Polly, "there
isn't a soul left on the ice."

"And the little note you wrote me
on scented paper was so very—"

"In a minute they'll be lighting the
lamps," persisted Polly.

"Why, so they will," I remarked as
I rose from the ice and flung my
skates over my shoulder, "and," I con-
tinued, coming closer to Polly, "I have
only a moment in which to—"

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" cried Polly.
"You're musing my hair!"

"—kiss the other woman," I fin-
ished.—Travel.

SAFETY IN MOTOR'S NOISE.

If Perfectly Silent Automobiles Would
Give People No Warning.

The opinion is commonly expressed
that a decided improvement in motor
vehicles would be gained if the noise
of the motor could be reduced or sup-
pressed altogether. The enormous num-
ber of small explosions which take
place in the engine of the motor car or
bicycle create a noise which is un-
doubtedly at all times offensive to the
ear, but which is far worse when the
chauffeur or rider is not a master of
his engine, for then the explosions are
often irregular. Rhythm makes even
the noise of a motor less disagreeable
to the ear than an ill-timed succession
of reports.

It is debatable, however, whether,
after all, it would be desirable to re-
duce the present loudly palpitating ma-
chine to an absolutely noiseless vehi-
cle. The noise of the engine in the
present motor gives ample warning of
its approach on the road, a warning
which, considering the comparatively
high speed oftentimes attained by the
car, might be sounded by the horn too
late. It is common on the highways to
find coachmen who are driving restive
horses on the alert long before the car
comes up to them, warned by the dis-
tant sound of the regular beating of
the engines.

A motor car proceeding, say, at
twenty miles an hour in perfect sil-
ence would almost be certain to be a
source of terror and disaster. Even in
the case of the ordinary bicycle there
is danger in its silence of action and
when the noiseless rubber tires first
came upon the scene a continuously
jingling bell accompanied them. In
the same way other rubber-tired vehi-
cles carry a similar signal, although the
clatter of the horses' hoofs upon the
road conveys some sort of warning.

It is doubtful whether a bell contin-
uously ringing on a motor car or bicycle
can ever be as effective or timely a
warning as the penetrating beat of the
motor engine.

The shrieking whistle of an express
train is often too late to enable dan-
ger to be avoided and it is appalling to
think what would happen if an ex-
press were designed which could travel
at the rate of sixty miles an hour
without the slightest warning noise be-
ing given by its wheels rotating or by
its intermittent escape of steam. The
same holds good for motor vehicles,
and though as it is they add to the
dangers of locomotion on roads these
dangers would be considerably accentuated
if it were not for the perpetual
and penetrating beat of the engine.

HOW SHE GOT EVEN.

A Woman's Method of Humbling a
Conductor.

She was one of those women with a
righteous look and firm chin.

"Please stop at Thirty-ninth street,"
she said to the conductor, as the car
whizzed past Thirty-sixth.

At the next corner she rose, to be
ready to alight, but the car did not
slow up, the conductor being busy do-
ing the hospitality of his car to a
chance acquaintance. Before she could
catch his eye and stop the car she had
gone a block past her destination. She
put her foot on the step, then drew it
back and calmly sat down again. The
conductor, his hand on the bell rope,
waited, the picture of vigilant duty.
She gazed straight ahead and made no
sign. With a profane remark he jerk-
ed the rope and the car moved on.

Two blocks further she arose and
caught his eye again. This time he
managed to stop at the first corner.

But she apparently changed her mind
and sank comfortably into her seat
while an appreciative smile overspread
the faces of the passengers.

At the end of another two blocks
she once more signaled to him to stop,
and though he was bursting with
wrath, a dozen pair of eyes were upon
him, and he controlled himself. The
car came to a standstill, but she did
not move.

"It's the next corner I want," she
explained, in a clear voice, as a titter
went around the car. "When I asked
you to stop at Thirty-ninth street you
carried me to Fortieth, so I supposed
if I signaled you for Forty-third you'd
carry me to Forty-fourth."

And at the next corner she smiled
graciously at the conductor as she
stepped down and out.—Chicago Inter
Ocean.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Choose Your Life's Vocation Wisely.

THERE comes a time when every growing boy
must face the question: What shall I do for
a life work? It is an important question, one
that must be faced squarely and answered
wisely. And yet there are many who shrink
and turn away, trying to avoid a direct an-
swer, leaving the solution to what they hope
will be a happy chance. Then there are sons who
leave the solution entirely to their parents; and there
are parents who leave it all to the sons. Each should
consider the matter with diligence and frankness and come
to a determination agreeable to both.

In considering the problem it will be well to remem-
ber several things. In the first place, all real success must
be founded in the economic principle of becoming a pro-
ducing member of the great industrial scheme. There is
no room in the world for a drone. Everybody must pro-
duce something. The man who produces what is most
needed and most wanted receives the largest rewards.

As a general rule it is wise to try to produce some-
thing of which the supply is scant. In any case, it is pru-
dent to avoid those occupations in which there is already
a surplus of the product. For instance, the world is not
crying for lawyers, doctors, preachers or accountants. The
so-called professions are overcrowded. There is a large
surplus stock of legal advice on the market; also medical
advice, and of bookkeeping. Consequently the rewards are
diminishing. The kind of man that is most plentiful in
the market is the one who knows no business in particular
and wants something in which he can wear good clothes
while at work. The man most in demand and least plenti-
ful is the one who has had actual experience with some
occupation which soils the hands and the clothes, and who,
at the same time, has the capacity for planning and di-
recting.

A railroad manager who has tamped the ties and built
a trestle; a book publisher who has set type; a lumber
dealer who has served as a lumber jack; a contractor who
has "measured in" and "checked out"—in a word, the
man most in demand and hardest to find is the one who
has learned some line of business from the basement to
the "front office." The men who want to learn a business
from the top down are plentiful. This is a great industrial
era. There are opportunities for all. Every ten or twenty
years the great industrial army must be recruited anew.
The time has passed when it was not "respectable" to be
anything but a "professional man." Science and learning
have become the handmaidens of the industrial arts. To-
day anything is honorable that is done well. Produce
something—give something to the world, and the world
will pour its blessing into your lap.—Chicago Journal.

Higher Education.

MANY parents must debate every year whether
it is wise to give the years and the money re-
quired for the higher education; writers and
business men start discussions from time to
time whether the higher education is worth
while—whether, in the language of the mart,
"it pays;" and the supporters of the higher ed-
ucation are at pains, as in the case of the disquisitions by
President Hadley, of Yale, on the subject, to justify the
higher education and to try and convince the people that it
actually does pay, if not in immediate dollars, yet in moral
and intellectual awakening, health, breadth, fervor and
power which finally inure to the growth, strength and
beauty of the republic.

By higher education is meant not the training of a
technical professional or industrial school or college. The
man who is studying to be a physician must take the course
in school to qualify himself for a diploma; the student at a
law school is looking forward to admission to the bar and
a license to practice; the electrician or mechanic is aiming
to equip himself just as the young artisan is getting
ready to ply his trade when he goes to an industrial school
to learn the art of bricklaying, printing, carpentry or de-

THE ART OF DAGUERRE.

Although the improvements in pho-
tography are made so rapidly now-
days that even the professional pho-
tographer can hardly keep track of
them, there are many picture-makers,
says the Century Magazine, who be-
lieve the world will turn back to the
daguerotype for its beautiful and
most artistic portraits.

It is more than sixty years since the
scientific world was aroused by the
announcement that Daguerre, a
Frenchman, had discovered a method
of fixing the image made by the cam-
era obscura. It was a crude method
then. The first picture, of a tree
standing in the sun, required half an
hour or more of exposure. That was
the same year in which Samuel F. B.
Morse went to Europe to exhibit his
new electric telegraph. The two in-
ventors met by appointment in Paris
and explained their work to each
other.

Daguerre's plate was of pure silver.
It was thoroughly cleaned and polish-
ed. In a dark room it was next coated
with a film deposited by the vapor of
iodine, and then exposed in the camera.
Still protected from the light, it was
placed over the fumes of hot mer-
cury, which developed the image, and
it was then made permanent with
chlorid of gold.

This process was soon improved, un-
til on bright days the sitting for a da-
guerotype was reduced to ten, some-
times to five, seconds. Even with this
short exposure, however, the likenes-
ses were remarkable. It is possible to
assume an artificial expression and
hold it for the brief second before a
modern camera, but to remain motion-
less for the long time required for a
daguerotype, it was necessary that
the features should be in repose in
their natural position.

The daguerotype was a positive,
impossible to retouch. It was of a
soft, flesh-like tone, which even to-day,
in the specimens of the art preserved
in collections and among family relics,
wins admiration. The daguerotype
gave way to the cheaper ambrotype,

which was on glass, and required a
dark background to show it off; and
this in turn was succeeded by the
glass negative and the paper positive
print. None of them has ever attained
the delicacy or the softness of the da-
guerotype, and the Frenchman's
method, expensive and slow as it is,
may win its way back into the popu-
larity it had more than half a century
ago.

TOBACCO IN GERMANY.

Over 7,000 Factories Which Employ
About 200,000 Workmen.

The use of machinery of German,
French and American designs is com-
mon in the better factories for all pro-
cesses of tobacco and cigar manufac-
ture where machinery has been found
practicable. Inquiries made would in-
dicate a desire on the part of the cigar
and tobacco manufacturer to avail
himself of labor-saving devices as far
as possible. Ten trade journals de-
voted to tobacco are published in Ger-
many and are extensively used for ad-
vertising machinery and other appli-
ances used by the trade.

The feeling of hostility and alarm
aroused by the introduction of Amer-
ican and British capital, especially in
cigarette manufacture, in Germany
has not wholly subsided. The multi-
tude of small manufacturers in coun-
try villages and elsewhere—over 7-
000 factories and 200,000 workers, of
whom 100,000 are on cigars, is referred
to by the press as the surest defense
against any general consolidation of
the tobacco business of the empire.

This feature of German manufactur-
ing is one sure to attract the notice of
an American resident and undoubt-
edly is to be taken into account in any
survey of manufacturing in the em-
pire.

Portions of Baden and that part of
Bavaria known as the Rhine Pfalz
form one of the largest and by far the
most important tobacco region of the
empire. Baden itself leads all the
German States in acreage planted in
tobacco and in the importance of its
cigar manufacture. Recently publish-
ed statistics for the department of fac-
tory inspection for Baden show that
the number of cigar factories in Baden
was 729, giving employment to

signing of cotton cloth. There is, of course, in a physician's
training some incidental broadening of the mental out-
look to be derived from his studies, and so it is with the
electrician and the lawyer, who must learn something of
jurisprudence, constitutions, governmental institutions and
history; but the higher education is essentially something
which is not positively needed as a means of earning a
living; it is a course in general culture, a study of the
humanities, a broad, liberal pursuit of ideals, of great ideas,
great movements, and, in a word, such instruction as is
given in a university and college in addition to the training
for a vocation.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mobility of the Japanese.

IN the matter of mobility and in the faculty of
doing the right thing at the right time, the
Japs clearly outclass the Russians. Whenever
the two armies come face to face there is an
attempt at a flanking movement. Although the
Russians know just what sort of trouble to ex-
pect, they are invariably beaten. Before their
flanks can be placed for effective defense and properly re-
inforced, the nimble Japanese have secured the drop on
them, and there is nothing to do but back down. Although
Russian retreats are always reported to have been made in
good order and with no loss of dignity, the correspondents
who view the field after an engagement describe the move-
ment as a rout. Troops which retreat in good order do not
leave a trail of disabled artillery, blankets, guns and other
marching accoutrements. When pursuit becomes hot and
all other desires become secondary to the desire to get
away, soldiers throw down their trappings and "ske-
daddle." . . .

The Russian is a gross feeder and a hard drinker. He
has tremendous strength and great endurance, but he lacks
the mobility of the plucky Japanese, who is trained to the
hour for his desperate work; who is able to take his rations
on the march, without losing time, and keep up his jog
trot movement for hours at a stretch, without a mur-
mur of complaint. He is an interested soldier, who fights
for patriotic reasons, and the Russian soldier is a mere ma-
chine in comparison.—Detroit Evening News.

Wasted Opportunities.

FROM Missoula, Mont., comes a story of train
robbers tearing up the money they had stolen
and scattering in the sand of the desert the dia-
monds they had taken from their victims. One
is inclined to look at the procedure of these
robbers from a humorous point of view, and
think of the effort and energy they wasted.

And yet it is an everyday occurrence. Day by day men
are throwing away diamond-like opportunities. Throwing them
away, hoping to escape the consequences of some foolish
and willful action in the past. A young man enters a busi-
ness house. Through sacrifice and economy his father
and mother have succeeded in giving him a good commer-
cial education. But in an evil moment he abstracts money
from the safe or drawer. Though it may be long undis-
covered, his sin will surely be found out, and gone for-
ever is that opportunity for advancement and progress. He
has thrown his opportunity into the sand. A young woman
trained in a beautiful home along the lines of morality
and virtue meets a smooth-tongued rascal, and presently
gone forever is her opportunity for moving in the best of
society. The young man, the young lady, might have been
a credit to society. They might have been the honored fa-
ther and mother of a son whose name might have become
historic, but they threw away their diamonds for the sake
of a so-called liberty, which is after all only license, and
though with tears and bitter cries they search for their
again, never shall they be found. When once the blush
is driven from the apricot or the peach, no chemistry can
bring it back. When once opportunities have been thrown
aside, they never return. Never again does the same op-
portunity come to a man's door. Don't throw away your
diamonds.—Pittsburg Press.

Mrs. Baxter's Wit.

"Talk about always having your
wits about you!" began Mrs. Doull.
"If you can find anybody to beat Lyd-
dy Baxter, I'll board you a week for
nothing." The boarder preserved the
silence of the modest and the inex-
perienced, but his look of interest was
all the encouragement Mrs. Doull need-
ed.

OFFENSIVE CATARRH

I suffered for a long time with a bad case of Catarrh, and took a great deal of medicine without any benefit. I had a continual headache, my cheeks had grown purple, my nose was always stopped up, my breath had a sickening and disgusting odor, and I coughed incessantly. I heard of your S. S. S. and wrote you. I commenced to use it, and after taking several bottles I was cured and have never since had the slightest symptom of the disease. MISS MARY L. STORM, Cor. 7th & Felix Sts., St. Joseph, Mo.

Wheeling, W. Va., May 29, 1903. I had Nasal Catarrh for years for which I used S. S. S. with very gratifying results. I tried local applications for some time, and getting no permanent relief I came to the conclusion that the seat of the trouble was in the blood. Knowing S. S. S. to be a good blood medicine I began its use, and after using it for some little while it did away entirely with the offensive mucus in the nostrils, and I did not have to hawk and spit, especially in the morning, to dislodge the catarrhal matter. 1627 South St. FRED H. PRESSY.

The filthy secretions and foul mucus that are continually dropping back into the throat, find their way into the stomach and are absorbed into the blood. Catarrh then becomes constitutional, and the only way to get rid of it is through the blood. Write us if you have Catarrh, and our physicians will advise you without charge. The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

It is easy enough to raise a gentle cow if the owner treats her right when a calf. Be kind and gentle—fondle, but never tease.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Dishonest dollars make bumps in your bed.

Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, will supply you with Sun Flower Whiskey. Choice.

One of the leading articles of export from the Philippine islands is hemp.

The landing of the cable made manifest care, thought and toil. Did you think of that? When enjoying a glass of "Old Gilt Edge" do you think of the care, skill and effort that the making calls for? Well, you do enjoy it, and that's the main thing.

The chief exports of Abyssinia are skins, ivory, gums and mules.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot, swollen, itching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns, Ingrowing Nails and Bunions. All Druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Human brain matter is about seven-eighths water.

Fish, lumber and iron are Norway's gifts to the world's commerce.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 231 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Not a Bad Idea. Little Willie—Say, pa, is the pen mightier than the sword? Pa—So some people claim, my son. Little Willie—Then why don't the Russians arm themselves with fountain pens?

BEST BY TEST

"I have tried all kinds of waterproof clothing and have never found anything at any price to compare with your Fish Brand for protection from all kinds of weather."

(The name and address of the writer of this unsolicited letter may be had upon application.)

A. J. TOWER CO. The Sign of the Fish Boston, U. S. A. TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED Toronto, Canada Makers of Warranted Wet Weather Clothing

A MODERN DAIRY

Needs the best and most reliable supplies and apparatus. That's the only kind we have.

If you will write and tell us the number of cows you are milking, we will send you our 1904 Catalogue, containing useful and reliable information for farmers and dairymen.

De Laval Dairy Supply Co.

9-11 Drumm St., San Francisco, Cal.

107 First St., Portland, Oregon.

RANCHES and Timber Lands Wanted! Do you want to sell your ranch? Do you want to sell your country home? Do you want to sell a tract of timber land? If so write and send us a description of same, with price asked and we will at once list same for sale, on terms most favorable to you. Address: PACIFIC STATES LAND CO., 507 Montgomery St., San Francisco

S. F. N. U. No. 44, 1904

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUT, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, BRUISES, WOUNDS AND ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Gout Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

DON'T! BLIND YOURSELF TO THE FACT THAT ALCOHOLISM AND DRUG ADDICTION ARE DISEASES AND CAN BE CURED BY THE KEELEY TREATMENT which has been a success for a quarter of a century and endorsed by the U. S. Government. Printed matter in plain envelopes sent free upon application. THE KEELEY INSTITUTE 3170 Broadway, New York City. SAN FRANCISCO.

Scrofula

It is commonly inherited. Few are entirely free from it. Pale, weak, puny children are afflicted with it in nine cases out of ten, and many adults suffer from it. Common indications are bunches in the neck, abscesses, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, rickets, catarrh, wasting, and general debility.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Eradicate it, positively and absolutely. This statement is based on the thousands of permanent cures these medicines have wrought.

"My daughter had scrofula, with eleven sores on her neck and about her ears. Hood's Sarsaparilla was highly recommended and she took it and was cured. She is now in good health." Mrs. J. H. Jones, Parker City, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

SUGAR FROM COTTON STALKS.

They Are Said to Contain from \$2 to \$4 Worth to the Ton.

Cotton, which has been the South's most steadfast friend alike in times of trouble and serenity, has developed another and hitherto unsuspected value. For the result of an analysis recently made by a Philadelphia chemist is reliable, the cotton stalk, which has previously been regarded as useful only as a fertilizer, will rise to the dignity of greatly augmenting the South's aggregate income.

It is claimed for the stalk that, carefully treated, it yields between \$2 and \$4 worth of sugar to the ton. Nor is this the sum of its usefulness. The waste resultant from the sugar refining process can be manipulated to produce a grade of paper much superior to that obtained from wood pulp. The stalks were also found to contain a material resembling celluloid, the base for a smokeless powder composition and a fair grade of alcohol. That the announcement of the stalk's industrial evolution has been taken seriously is evidenced by the fact that a corporation is about to begin the construction of a plant at Gonzales, Texas, which will be entirely devoted to the handling of these by-products.

The assertion is made that the industry has passed the stage of speculation and experiment, and that the new company will shortly be prepared to enter the market with all of the products named above. When it is stated that a conservative estimate of the average annual yield of stalks in this section may be placed at 70,000,000 tons, the importance of the discovery is convincingly apparent. The profit in the conversion of this waste into sugar at remunerative rates is seen at a glance. The possibilities along the other lines mentioned are of commensurate value, and it can easily be imagined that hereafter Southern farmers will keep a vigilant eye on the plant in Texas ere treating their cotton stalks as mere incumbrances.

The skepticism with which the proposition to commercially treat waste cotton seed was received is a comparatively recent memory. Not only the farmers, but many of the cotton experts, viewed the announcement that the oil and hulls produced would be of immense value to the industries of the South as a phantasy on the part of a few scientific fanatics. The fortunes which have been made along these lines in late years and the direct profit to the farming element came in the light of a silencing rebuke to all scoffers. Of similar force is the marvelous manner in which applied chemistry and mechanics have succeeded in wresting invaluable by-products from corn husks, which had previously been fed to cattle or made into bonfires to clear the land of what was popularly conceded to be a useless burden.—Atlanta Constitution.

Queer Place for a Magazine.

An American traveler who explored the northern part of Siberia states that he found in the hut of a Korak peasant a picture of Mayor Dix cut out of a copy of Harper's Magazine. The Mayor's picture was enthroned on a wooden shrine, and adored by the Korak and his family as their household deity.

This is probably the most extreme case on record of veneration for a magazine page. But fifty years ago in this country it was not uncommon to find a single copy of a magazine being read by fifteen or twenty families every month, and regarded by all as an infallible authority.

It is said that when the Shah of Persia visited England several years ago it was one of his chief delights to buy a dozen magazines and "read the pictures." As there are only about 3,000 people in Persia who can read and write, his amazement at the number of magazines is not surprising.—Woman's Home Companion.

Backhanded Politeness.

Ethel (breathlessly)—Oh, Jack, dear, what did papa say when you asked for my hand? Jack—He said that I had annoyed him so long by being around the house so much that I'd grown to be a sort of necessary evil, and he'd miss me if I stayed away. So he invited me to join the family circle.—Detroit Free Press.

How It Happened.

"I heard you giggling in the parlor last night," said the stern parent. "I think you must have been beside yourself." "Oh, no," said the pretty girl, blushing deeply, "I was beside Charlie."

Titles of Doubtful Origin.

Continental titles save of the highest sort have been viewed with suspicion in this country, but those of England have been accepted with almost as implicit faith as Bank of England notes inspire. Yet the herald's college lately made the remarkable assertion that many persons are using bogus titles in England and that others are using titles to which they have not established their claim and probably could not bring any satisfactory proofs. And the editor of Dod's Peerage admits that there are between fifty-six and sixty baronets whose claims would not bear too close scrutiny.

For example, an ambitious and retired business man named Smith may find in some secluded part of the country some lands formerly owned by some extinct family of Smiths who had possessed a title. He buys the property, quietly claims descent and coolly assumes the title. In London such a course would probably be exposed, but in the country people are less suspicious. Nor is such imposture, it seems, contrary to English law. It appears also that many of the titles which enjoy long standing were assumed in some such way, perhaps centuries ago, and owe whatever validity they have to long use. A general scrutiny of English titles might be a very painful thing.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Fair Warning.

Patient—It's up to you, doctor. If you fail to cure me you'll get nothing for your services.

Doctor—How's that?

Patient—I haven't money enough to pay both you and the undertaker.

Ayer's

Take cold easily? Throat tender? Lungs weak? Any relatives have consumption? Then a cough means a great

Cherry Pectoral

deal to you. Follow your doctor's advice and take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It heals, strengthens, prevents.

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Weak Lungs

Ayer's Pills increase the activity of the liver, and thus aid recovery.

Between Friends.

Miss De Playne—I wonder if Mr. Shortleigh really wants to marry me for my money? Miss Prettyun—Has he proposed? Miss De Playne—Yes. Miss Prettyun—Then how can you possibly doubt it, dear?

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To sweeten, To refresh, To cleanse the system, Effectually and Gently;

Dispels colds and headaches when bilious or constipated; For men, women and children;

There is only one Genuine Syrup of Figs; to get its beneficial effects

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Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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